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Poetry.

Pushing On.

BY UNCLE JOHN.

When I was a boy of about your age,
My rose-checked John! my rose-checked John!
I took as my motto from some old page,
"Pushing on."

I wrote it all over my books and slate,
All over them, John! over them, John!
And thought of it ever, both early and late,
"Pushing on."

At work or at play, at home or at school,
Think of it, John! think of it, John!
At books or at playthings, 'twas ever the rule;
"Pushing on!"

I pushed out of boy, and I pushed into man,
That I did, John! that I did, John!
I pushed out of "can't," and I pushed into "can,"
"Pushing on!"

Whenever an obstacle in my path lay,
And many did, John! many did, John!
I pushed and I pushed, till I pushed it away,
"Pushing on."

I pushed through the world with an honest heart,
Honest, John! honest, John!
Than many a man with a fairer start;
"Pushing on."

And now I've a good wife, children well taught,
Very well, John! very well, John!
A snug little fortune, all honestly got;
"Pushing on."

I've pushed a large place in the hearts of the poor,
That is good, John! very good, John!
For I never pushed any away from my door;
"Pushing on."

I'm now an old man, my head white as snow,
Mother's too, John! mother's too, John!
And down the bright valley together we go,
"Pushing on."

I am still pushing on for a happier land,
Trusting, John! trusting, John!
Trustingly holding my Father's hand—
"Pushing on."

Miscellany.

CHASED BY WOLVES.

It was a wild scene in Bohemia, along the
base of the Erzberg mountains and on the
banks of the frozen Eger. It was mid-win-
ter, and the snow lay deep upon the ground
but so hardly concealed that the sharp iron
shoes of our swift going beast did scarcely
more than indent it, and flake it up with a
crispy sound, and the polished steel runners
led two narrow, burnished tracks behind us.
The descending sun glinted askew, with a
pale, cold look, and with no more seeming
warmth in his rays than in those of the moon.
"How far now to Carlsbad?" I said to the
driver, with nearly my whole face ruffled
up in frown.

"A matter of four leagues it may be," he
answered.

"At this rate then, how much longer on
the road?"

"Two hours."

"The sun is about that high."

"We shall enter the town at early candle-
light."

"Provided we meet with no accident,
John!"

"Always so provided your honor."

On we went, up hill and down, the merry
bells ringing clearly in the frosty air.

At length we reached and slowly ascend-
ed a long, steep elevation, whose descent, by
a narrow, winding road, or path, led down
again to the banks of the frozen Eger, along
here and there precipitous ledges, over which
a chance slide might be fatal.

"Have a care, John, or we may never see
Carlsbad!" I said warningly.

"Never fear, your honor! I've been over
this route many a time without accident,"
was his confident reply.

He said "never fear"—but I did, and not
without reason—for soon after his horse
shied, slipped, and plunged madly down a
dangerous declivity to the right, but fortu-
nately not a precipice. A car, going with
the velocity of its momentum down an in-
clined plane, would convey some idea of our
speed. Jules exerted all his strength and
skill to check the flying beast—but the horse
could not have stopped himself before reach-
ing the foot of the hill. As it was, he plun-
ged on for a quarter of a mile further, and
then slipped, fell, and broke his harness bad-
ly. We had received no injury, which was
wonderful, considering the danger we had
run of being upset, or dashed against some
of the trees that we had passed so close as
to graze the bark.

"Here's an unfortunate situation!" said
Jules.

"Thank God that we have come to a halt,
at least, with all our bones whole," said I.

"There was no use in considering, debating
or complaining; we both saw exactly what
we had to do, and who had to do it; and so
we both went to work with a will."

When we at last reached the highway a-
gain, all safe and ready to resume our jour-
ney, the sun was down, and the gloom of
twilight was upon us.

"How far now, Jules?"

"Which in our present condition is equal
to what three would have been before the
accident?"

"I think so, your honor."

I had just taken my seat in the vehicle,
and Jules had gathered up the reins for a
fresh start, when a solitary, distant, dismal
howl was borne to our ears.

"Ha! do you hear that?" cried Jules.

"I do!" said I with a shudder.

"May God be merciful to us this night!"
 ejaculated the driver, as he started the horse
forward, but with a caution that showed how
much he feared a sudden strain upon the har-
ness, on which it may be our very lives de-
pended.

To understand our feelings, as we breath-
lessly listened for an answer to that solitary
call, it must be known that the wolves of that
region were large, strong, daring and fer-
ocious, and at such a season of the year, with
the ground covered with snow, were often
sufficiently maddened with hunger to attack
any living thing, either man or beast, more
especially when collected together in formi-
dable numbers. The single howl we had
heard was the night-call of some lonely beast
to his distant and scattered companions; and
just in proportion to the number of these
calls and replies, and the distance of the an-
imals from us was the danger we had to fear.

For perhaps a minute after the first call
we heard no answer; and we were just be-
ginning to hope that none would be given
when another dismal howl in a different di-
rection fell upon our ears. This was quick-
ly followed by another and another, and then
by not less than a dozen, on all sides of us,
some of them so near as to startle our horse,
which raised his head with a terrified snort,
looked timidly to the right and left, and then
sprang forward at a gallop.

"Let him go. It may be our only chance!"
I said to Jules, feeling my hair rise with hor-
ror.

"It won't save us!" returned the latter,
despairingly. "If the beast were free from
his traces he couldn't outrun these hungry
devils, which are fast gathering upon us be-
fore and behind."

"But as yet they may know nothing of us,"
I said encouragingly, though very far from
encouraging any such happy belief myself.

"Why then look here—and there!" cried
Jules, pointing with his whip, first to the
right and then to the left.

I did look, and a cold sweat seemed to
start through every pore, as in either direc-
tion I perceived an undulating shadow mov-
ing rapidly over the now star-lighted snow,
at an angle calculated to reach us at some
unknown point ahead. Almost at the same
moment too I heard some yelp behind; and
looking back, I beheld another small body
of the furious animals in the road, even near-
er to us than the others, coming forward
like a pack of hounds in full chase.

"Merciful God, are we doomed to die in
this manner! Faster—Jules, faster! put
the horse to his utmost, it is our only
chance!" I cried.

"Don't you see that he is doing his best,
your honor? and that he can't gain an inch
on these devils?"

It was true; our gallant horse, as fright-
ened as ourselves, was already on a dazed run
bounding over the snow at a terrific and dan-
gerous rate. And yet to what purpose?—
Slowly, but steadily, the two undulating
shadows, to the right and left, were closing
in to the central line; and the yelping crew
behind had gained on us a little, and might
have come up to us at once, only that the
natural cowardice of the brutes kept them at
a respectful distance while their numbers
were so comparatively few.

"How far now to Carlsbad, Jules?"

"More than a league, sir."

"Shall we ever reach it?"

"Heaven knows? If the horse can hold
out, if the harness don't break, if the cutter
don't upset, and if the brutes don't attack
us, there's a chance."

"Is there no place on the way where we
can stop? No dwelling, barn, stable, or hut,
that we can take refuge in?"

"There is a hut about a mile ahead, but
how can we get into it? The moment we
stop, these wolves will be upon us, and thirty
seconds would be long enough for them
to tear us to pieces and devour us!"

"We must put our sole trust in God,"
then!" I groaned.

"Yes, your honor, that is all we can do."

Suddenly Jules, who had been sitting in
silence, holding the reins of the running
horse with the same apparent firmness as if
driving on a race course, partly turned his
head, and exclaimed:

"Quick, your honor,—have you a strong,
sharp knife?"

"Quick then, in Heaven's name!—quick,
give it to me,—another minute will be too
late!"

I tore off my glove, whistled back the
knife, and thrust it into his hand, and brought forth a
long, Spanish clasp knife, which opened with
a spring.

"Here, Jules—here."

He took it with a deliberation his excited
words had not led me to expect; and then,
turning his eyes toward Heaven, said, sol-
emnly:

"May God smile upon the design! it
seems our only hope."

"Jules, surely you are not meditating self-
destruction?" I cried, with a shudder seiz-
ing him by the arm.

"No, no, your honor, but a plan to save
us both, with God's help. Here—quick!—
take the reins—take the reins!"

I did so mechanically, but amazed and
mystified. Instantly Jules leaped forward,
over the front of the sleigh, and for a few
moments seemed hard at work. Then start-
ing up suddenly, he cut the reins with a sin-
gle stroke of his knife, and at the same time
struck the flying horse a smart blow with
his whip. Before I had time to ask what all
this meant, I comprehended what had been
done. He had cut the traces, the horse was
leaving us, and we were running on our own
momentum.

"It was our only chance," said Jules,
pointing to the hut before us, about opposite
which I judged the still fast moving sleigh
would stop. "Had we passed that, I fear
there wouldn't have been any hope."

"And what hope now?" I cried in despair
as I heard the angry wolves all around us,
and saw their fiery eyes in every direction.

Jules replied with a wild, hysterical laugh,
"You see, don't you? They're passing us
to the right and left, in full chase of the fly-
ing horse, which they'll catch and destroy
before they'll come back for us."

It was true, and God be praised that it
was true! They were passing us to the right
and left; and in less than half a minute the
hindmost was ahead of us, and the whole
yelling pack was in eager chase of the noble
beast that had done his best to save us.

"Quick, your honor!" he exclaimed;
"now's our only chance; they'll soon be
back here; we must get shelter in this hut
while we can."

Waiting only to be certain that no prow-
ler was near us, we gathered up all our loose
coverings, and ran for our lives to the shan-
ty. It was old and untenanted, and the front
door was fast. This was a terrible shock to
our hopes. We ran to the rear door. Gra-
tious Heaven that was fast also.

"We must get in!" I fairly screamed.

"That window! If I could only reach
it," said Jules hurriedly.

"Here! mount upon my shoulders."

He did so; and the next moment sent it
in with a crash, and threw his body into the
aperture. As he disappeared inside, leaving
me standing without, my ears were assailed
with a wild, shrieking yell that made my
blood curdle. I knew what it was, our poor
horse was already in the clutches of its ra-
pacious foes.

"Quick, Jules! for the love of God!" I
cried.

He extended his hands, I seized them and
in a few seconds more I was safe inside. I
kneaded down and thanked God for our de-
liverance from almost certain death, and wept
for joy.

Ten minutes later the still hungry beasts
were howling all around us—but we were
not destined to be their victims.

The next day we related our wonderful
adventure to astonished groups in Carlsbad.

Having a Purpose.

Youngster—school-boy, clerk or appren-
tice—a word in your ear. If you desire suc-
cess in any matter pertaining to this life of
striving, you must have a purpose—a deter-
mination that, God helping, you will achieve
success. You may be poor, friendless, un-
known,—your clothing scant, your stomach
half filled,—your place may be at the foot of
the ladder; no matter. Whatever your posi-
tion may be, do your duty in it to the end
and perseveringly, with your eye fixed far ahead
and upward.

Keeping the purpose before you that you
will rise, be obedient to your employer, at-
tentive to your business, obliging to your
shopmate, and courteous to strangers; and
seize every opportunity to improve your
heart, your mind, and your workmanship.

Do everything well—no slighting, no hiding
defects, aiming always at perfection. Watch
those who are skillful, and strive to equal and
excel them. Secure the friendship of all by

deserving it. Allow no opportunity of re-
siding a service to pass without improving
it, even if it cost some labor and self-denial.
Be of use to others, even in a small way, for
a time may come when they may be of ser-
vice to you. A selfish man may go ahead
faster than you; but selfishness is contempti-
ble—and you need not envy his success;
when you achieve your object nobly, you
will enjoy it and be respected.

Always bear in mind that character is cap-
ital. To gain this, you must be so scrupu-
lously honest, that you would be as willing
to put live coals in your pocket as a penny
that is not your own. Never run into debt;
do without what you cannot at once pay for,
even though you should suffer somewhat.

No matter what the amount of your earnings
may be, save a portion every week, and in-
vest it in a savings' bank of good standing;
it will grow, and will stand you in good
stead some day. Better temporary abstinence,
and constant plenty afterward, than
uneared present comfort and future perpe-
tual want. Never lie openly or covertly, by
word or action. A liar may deceive his fel-
lows—God and himself never. Conscious
of falsity, a liar can have no self-respect;
without self-respect reputation cannot be
achieved.

With a noble purpose as the end of all
your actions, and with action becoming your
purpose, your success is merely a question
of time—always provided you have some
brains and abundant common sense.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.—The story runs
that as his majesty walking in the great Pa-
ris park, and about to turn a corner, a little
child who was rolling a hoop rushed against
him. When she stumbled against the mod-
ern Caesar the modern Caesar raised her in
the kindest manner, and even condescended
to kiss her, remarking as he did so, "What
a nice little child! There now, you can tell
your papa that you have been kissed by the
Emperor."

To this, the other pointedly replied, "In-
deed I'll do no such thing for papa says the
emperor's a cannibal."

An aid-de-camp here interferred, and look-
ing as severe as his master looked amused,
exclaimed, "You little mix! how dare you
talk such nonsense! Who is that papa of
yours, and what does he do with himself?"

"My papa does nothing, because he's a
senator," returned the child with equal truth
and naivete.

"Sire, this is serious, we should make fur-
ther inquiries into this matter," remarked
the officious servant.

"No, no," replied the emperor, "you must
do nothing of the kind, la recherche de la
paternité est interdite,"—an allusion to one
of the articles of the code Napoleon, of
which few Frenchmen are sufficiently igno-
rant not to see the point of the emperor's ma-
licious good nature.

Rosa Bonheur and her Pictures.

Many of you have probably seen the en-
graving of the picture called "The Horse
Fair," painted by a French lady, Rosa Bon-
heur. Her history is interesting, as show-
ing what industry and plucky determination
will do. Her father was a poor drawing-
master in Paris, and apprenticed Rosa at the
age of twelve to learn dress-making; but
her health failed, and she left a business she
did not like. She commenced to take mod-
els of animals, and copy her father's paint-
ings, hoping one day to be able to support
herself. She worked hard, day after day,
until her father noticed her wonderful pro-
gress, and gave her a course of instruction.
He then sent her to the Louvre, the finest
gallery in Paris to copy from the best paint-
ings. Here she used to work from morning
until night. Soon her pictures began to sell
for a small sum, which increased her dili-
gence. She was then but sixteen years old.
Having resolved to devote herself to paint-
ing animals, and being too poor to buy mod-
els she used to take a bit of bread in her
pocket, walk out into the country, and copy
from nature. She would also visit the cat-
tles in the city where animals were kept
previous to being slaughtered. This was
not a pleasant place for a young lady, but
she was too much in earnest to be stopped by
trifles. Her reward soon came. When
nineteen years old, she received several pri-
zes for her pictures exhibited in Paris, and
at last took the gold medal for the best paint-
ing. At thirty-two she painted the "Horse
Fair," which brought her \$8,000, and from
that time her fortune was made. She is now
very wealthy and the best animal painter in
Europe. Remember the secret of her suc-
cess: She loved her work and stuck to it.

DIAMONDS.—Some facts about diamonds
are not generally known, much as has been
written about them. The common idea that
the diamond is transparent or nearly so, is a
mistake. Diamonds are known which are
blue, green, yellow and black. The latter
species is much the more difficult to cut.

The blue is, perhaps, the most rare. It is
generally found in the sands of the rivers
and deserts or in the conglomerates of stone
which are made up of quartz and sandstone.
The natives of South America, and also of
India, believe that diamonds grow, and that
the supply is always reproduced. But the
mines of Golconda are abandoned, as well as
others, and the theory fails. In fact the pre-
sent supply of the diamond market is kept
up from the old family jewels of Europe, not
from the discovery of new specimens in the
mines, the product of the latter being very
small. When the New York lady wears her
jewelry, therefore, she may safely indulge in
imaginations of the far past, fancying as gay
scenes as she pleases on which their lustre
has flashed in Europe, in the last century,
and in the centuries before that. It would
be a curious history, that of a diamond or-
namenting the dress of a New York lady, if
to-day it could be written out, and the faces
reproduced on which it has gleamed, or the
lips be re-opened which have praised its lus-
tre in former times.—(Buffalo Courier.)

In some of its phases, Mohammedan mercantile
morality exceeds in its scrupulousness that of any
other people, whatever their religious creed or
character. A mercantile firm in Solomonia had
bills to a large amount on the principal inhabi-
tants and merchants of the place, which, with their
books and papers were destroyed by fire. On the
day following, a prominent Turk who was largely
in their debt, went in person and told them that,
having heard their papers had been destroyed, he
had brought a copy of his account with them and
fresh bills for the amount which was their due.
This example was followed by all the Turkish
debtors to them. It does not appear to be in-
timated that this course was one that they had
ever learned from the Christian traders in their
country.

PHOTOGRAPHS are now taken very successfully
by the aid of the heliograph light. Fifteen grains
in the form of fine wire will burn a minute, and
not cost more than a few cents. At the distance
of eight feet from the sitter the light produces a
negative equal to any obtained from sunlight un-
der the most favorable circumstances; and by
moving the light the harshness of the shadows
and a distribution of light and shade are comple-
tely at the control of the operator. This opens a
new page in photography.

THE Emperor and Empress of France and ma-
ny other distinguished personages of Europe have
become Spiritualists. The World's Crisis, a pa-
per advocating the doctrines of Second Adventism,
says "that on this side of the Atlantic the Spiritu-
alists now number in their ranks many of the
noted statesmen, lawyers, doctors, and profes-
sional men, as well as a large number of clergymen,"
and adds, "it is said that about half of our Con-
gressmen are Spiritualists."

A Hindoo chess player at present in London
plays three games blindfolded, and wins; a game
of cards and wins; and during the play a bell is
touched every one or two seconds, and he gives
the number of times it has been touched. A man
stands behind him and throws little pebbles one
by one against his back, these too he counts; and
after the games are told he recites a poem in
perfect rhyme which he has composed during the
sitting.

THE United Service Magazine remarks:—The
constant reader of Shakespeare finds occasionally
some capital advice which the great dramatist did
not design for these times, except that he spoke
"for all time." Thus, when King Richard says to
Stanley:

"Look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it,"
he puts a word in the mouth of authority at this
day.

DOUBLE FIVE.—Dominoes is not, if played
properly, so simple and childish a game as
many imagine. The best system is that of
"fives," or "cribbage dominoes." For your
information we will improve a game. Let
us say the players are A. B. C. They have
drawn for first play, and A. having picked
up the dominoes with fewest "peeps" on it,
is entitled to first play. She is fortunate
enough to have the 9 6, which she plays,
scoring three, because the two ends make a
number exactly divisible by 5, and, consequent-
ly, B. follows, playing the double nine, placing
it crossways, to show that it counts double
—that is, the two ends represent 18 6 or 24,
which is not divisible by 5, and, consequent-
ly, B. scores nothing at all. C. follows with
6-2 and scores four, because the ends now
represent 20, and so on, till all the dominoes
are played, and those which remain will not
"go." Arriving at this stage, either the play-
ers in turn borrow one from the surplus left
after each took the original nine, or the
"peeps" are counted, and the one who has
the lowest scores five, or one, as may be the
agreed upon, to the game. A player who
plays all her dominoes out has this right—
So there is a double object to serve in mak-
ing fives and playing all the pieces. It is a
rather lively game, and admits of consider-
able ingenuity and calculation.

SCHEMODY who has been in Constantinople
says of the Turks and their pipes; A
mouthpiece worth ten or twenty thousand
dollars may be frequently seen, while the
bowl of the pipe is worth but the tenth of a
cent.